An Early Wall Paper.

On preparing a room in Bradbourne Hall, Derbyshire, in 1882, I found, partly covered by an old oak cupboard, considerable remains of quite early eighteenth century wall paper, of pale green tint, with a flowing pattern in darker color on it. This paper was made in squares of about twenty inches, and I was able to rescue two or more complete pieces. It had been printed on rather thick paper from woodcut blocks, and each square was nailed up with coarse iron tacks about one and a half inches apart, each tack being run through squares or washers of brown leather, so that both tack heads and washers showed all around each square of paper. It is possible that this wall paper was of late seventeenth century date. Bradbourne Hall, in the lower peak, is a picturesque house, almost unaltered, of the time of James I., having been then fashioned from the canonical house of the Augustins of Dunstable. It was just the place—"far from the madding crowd"—where curious details of domestic decorations would survive.—London Notes and Queries.

The Cynic's Point of View.

Of course we all like to know that our enemies are vulnerable, but it is only the cynical elect who can appreciate with fine epicurean fastidiousness the glorious revelation that their friends are human after all. And it is not only the weakness of those near and dear to us, but their misfortunes and annoyances, which give a thrill of illicit joy to those honest contortionists who can look in their own hearts. I once heard a young mother say that there was only one thing which gave her greater pleasure than hearing that the children of her friends were sick, and that was to hear that they were bad. No one but a brom-idiot (to borrow the excellent root with which Mr. Gelett Burgess has enriched us) would think of condemning this young woman for being malicious or unkind. Misery is not the only human quality that loves company. Some of her distant relatives—Anxiety, Discouragement, Annoyance—are equally sociable.—Atlantic.

The Forbidden City.

Peking has been a city for something like 3,000 years, first as the capital of a small state, then destroyed, again rebuilt and finally molded into the form in which we now know it, with its Chinese, Tartar, Imperial and Forbidden cities, each with its inclosing wall. Nobody has ever yet attempted to tell the full tale of its intrigues, its cabals, plots and counterplots. Few know anything about them. No one person knows them all. If only the bricks that form the walls could find a tongue, if only the pavilions on the Coal Hill could produce the sights and sounds that have fallen to their lot to see and hear, there would doubtless be a tale to tell which might vie in interest and dramatic force with anything that ancient Rome or Babylon has given, even through the medium of fiction.—Shanghai Mercury.

Napoleon and Waterloo.

There is nothing in the result of the Waterloo campaign to show any decline in Napoleon's powers of mind. The plan of the campaign as laid down by the emperor was a most brilliant one, and had it not rained on the night of the 17th of June Napoleon would in all likelihood have kept his throne. Had it not rained and made the land miry he would have had his artillery in position four hours before he actually did, and Wellington would have been disposed of long before Blucher's arrival. Even as it was, the Iron Duke was pretty well used up when the Prussian came up on his left. Napoleon's genius never shone more brilliantly than it did in his last campaign. He was defeated by the elements and by the unaccountable stupidity of some of his lieutenants.—New York American.

Assyrian Seals.

The ancient Assyrians nearly 6,000 years ago put in moist clay their seals, engraved in intaglio upon precious stones, on chests and doors, in order to prevent their being opened. There were no locks or keys in those days. If they wished to send a private letter they would often seal it with a hippogriff, which fabulous winged horse was regarded as the emblem of secrecy. Centuries later the Greeks and Romans adopted similar devices for the same purpose.

He Whistled.

Old Lady (to grocer's boy)—Don't you know that it is very rude to whistle when dealing with a lady?

Boy—That's what the guv'nor told me to do, mum.

"Told you to whistle?"

"Yes'm. He said if we ever sold you anything we'd have to whistle for the money."

Her Sweeping Abilities.

Mrs. Neurich—Did you notice how grandly our daughter swept into the room at Mrs. Puppson's reception last night?

Neurich—Sure I did! When it comes to sweeping into a room Mamie wins in a walk. But when it comes to sweeping out a room she goes lame.

Wanted It Plain.

Mrs. Youngwife—I want to get some salad. Dealer—Yes'm. How many heads? Mrs. Youngwife—Oh, goodness! I thought you took the heads off. I just want plain chicken salad.

Appearances.

Magistrate—If I remember rightly, this is not your first appearance in court. Prisoner—No, your honor, but I hope you don't judge by appearances.

A Mohammedan Festival.

Taboots is an Indian festival in connection with the celebration of the month of Moharram, which begins the year of the true Mohammedan. This festival commemorates the death of Prince Hossein, the grandson of Mohammed, who met his death in battle after ten days' fighting against King Omar. The word taboot, from which the festival takes its name, means literally a tomb, and it is always built in front of the homes of some rich and important Mohammedans and under a temporary shed built for this purpose. The taboots are made from thin bamboo strips covered with highly colored paper, and it is always decorated with isinglass, gold and silver paper, glass balls and much red and green paint. On the ninth day of the festival of Taboots the taboots are carried in a possession through the streets of the various cities in India. On the tenth day all the taboots are thrown into some river, and thus ends the Mohammedan festival of Taboots.—Boston Herald.

Primitive Fire Fighters.

As late as the end of the sixteenth century in London the sole method of extinguishing fires was by means of contrivances known as "hand squirts." These were usually made of brass, with a carrying capacity ranging from two to four quarts of water. The two quart "squirts" were two and a half feet in length, one and a half inches in diameter at their largest part and but half an inch at the nozzle. On each side were handles, and three men were required to manipulate a "squirt." One man on each side grasped the handle in one hand and the nozzle in the other, while the third man worked the piston or plunger, drawing it out while the nozzle was immersed in a supply of water which filled the cylinder. The bearers then elevated the nozzle, when the other pushed in the plunger, the skill of the former being employed in directing the stream of water upon the fire. Such primitive contrivances are said to have been used during the great fire of 1666.

Mythical Horses.

Pegasus ("born near the source of the ocean") was the winged horse of Apollo and the Muses. Bellerophon rode this animal when he charged the Chimera.

Sleipnir ("the black horse of Odin") had eight legs and could carry his master on sea as well as land. This animal is believed to typify the wind, which blows from eight different points.

Al Borak ("the lightning") was the horse commissioned by Gabriel to carry Mohammed to the seventh heaven. He had a human face and the wings of an eagle. Every step he took was equal to the farthest range of human vision.

According to Thessalian legend, the first horse was miraculously brought forth by Neptune striking a rock with his trident.

A Japanese Anthem.

The majority of national anthems are not conspicuous for beauty, either of words or music. The only one composed by a musician of the very first rank is the Austrian anthem, for which Haydn is responsible. And in no country has the composition of a really great poet been adopted except in Norway, where Bjornson's stirring lines beginning "Yes, we love this country," serve as the national anthem. The Japanese have a daintily worded anthem which Captain Brinkley translates as follows:

Until this grain of sand,
Tossed by each wavelet's freak,
Grows to a cloud girt peak,
Towering above the land;
Until the dewy flake
Beading this blossom's gold
Swell to a mighty lake—
Age upon age untold,
Joy to joy manifold
Add for our sovereign's sake.

A Dirge.

She laid the still white form beside those which had gone before. No sob, no sigh, forced its way from her heart, throbbing as though it would burst. Suddenly a cry broke the stillness of the place, one single heartbreaking shriek; then silence, another cry, more silence, then all silent but for a guttural murmur which seemed to well up from her very soul. She left the place. She would lay another egg tomorrow.—Princeton Tiger.

Reversed.

An East Boston doctor told of the experience of a druggist the other day who sold some alcohol to a new customer. After the man had signed the book as required he said: "Now, don't get that name twisted. It is Michael Sullivan and not Sullivan Michael, same as they turned it around in the directory."—Boston Journal.

A Light Retort.

"How did the trouble in the family start?"

"The wife, it seems, got tired of her husband's heavy wit."

"Why didn't she simply make a light retort?"

"She did. She threw the lamp at him."—Exchange.

A Puzzle.

Mother (reprovingly to little girl just ready to go for a walk)—Dolly, that hole was not in your glove this morning. Dolly (promptly)—Where was it, then, mamma?

Couldn't Risk It.

Husband—Did you hunt up the new cook's references? Wife—No, John. I didn't. I was afraid they might prove prejudicial.—Harper's Bazar.

The innocent seldom find an uneasy pillow.—Cowper.

Sir Hugh

By EDITH GRAY

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Aileen Clinton was a queer girl—every one of importance said that. But since those every ones consisted of the daughters and wives of the millionaire settlers of the lovely suburb of Llynwood, along with their cousins and aunts and the usual contingent of society folk from the city, Miss Clinton, regardless of judgment from without, continued in her much lamented course. However, she lost thereby not one whit of the love of the small children of the district.

Not that the charming daughter of the former rector of St. James's associated with cooks and patronized coachmen, indiscriminately and without distinction, even though she did have a way of discovering, now and then, among the lower strata of the exclusive suburb, individuals of gentleness of manner, of general unselfishness and sweetness of character, often so lamentably lacking in their social matters. This girl had a strange and lovely power of summoning from all she touched the very best in thought and deed, and many an original word of comment, many a solid bit of philosophy, did she extract by subtle means from those she called her friends. It is true that the wiser and more penetrating of the dull-eyed upper class confided among themselves that Aileen Clinton's purposes, in this study of human character, were not altogether altruistic. "She writes," they whispered, "for magazines, and seeks material."

Nevertheless, her queerness was not entirely excused on that score, and many a cutting snub—to her amusement be it said, however—did she receive from women who, in time of trouble were only too ready to call on her for aid.

However, there was one estate, owned by a certain Lloyd Coverly, where Miss Clinton was never made to doubt her welcome. Again and again, in her cross-country rambles, she passed through the great gateway, beneath the arching elms on her way to the house beyond. The courtly host and his invalid wife were always overjoyed to see the radiant girl, but, although she loved them well, it was invariably her most sympathetic self that was foremost in prominence as she turned from the broad drive, on her homeward trips, hurrying along the box-hedged pathway in the direction of the conservatory door beyond. For here, amidst trellises of smilax and nodding rosebuds, among boxes of carnations and frail, sweet pansy flowers, her brave friend Hugh held sway.

Hugh McDonnel was no common gardener, no mere snipper of shoots and sprays, neither was he a keen-eyed explainer of temperatures, nor scientific exploiter of theories, strange and new. This Hugh had intellect, his broad brow and deep-set eyes would have betrayed that to the girl at once, even if his unusual purity of diction and remarkable knowledge of the world's affairs had not from the first attracted her. The girl used to watch him, wondering, as his fingers fastened straying tendrills and transplanted tender shoots, how a man's hands could remain so fine, so shapely in spite of the roughening strain of rigorous garden work. Truly, the man was a gentleman, not merely, as some folks classify with patronizing smile and upward lift of brow, "one of nature's gentlemen," but at heart and soul a gentleman.

Aileen's conviction of this man's origin had often led her to talk of Hugh amidst the luxuries of the drawing room beyond. But her host could tell her nothing of the man, save that when he came, his credentials had been good and that for ten years he had served them faithfully and well. He had thwarted all attempts at conversation concerning his former life and his master had respected his secrets. Yet though Lloyd Coverly knew that the gardener was superior to his surroundings, he did not enshroud his past with the glamour and mystery of romance, as the girl was wont to do.

The little invalid wife, frail and sweet as the fragrant spray of heliotrops within her slender hand, spoke conclusively one day from her favorite place before the fire: "You and I, Aileen, know—in spite of Lloyd's stupidity—that there was a woman once, brave and sweet and true, and so our Scotchman is a gentleman and always will be. His mask is clever, but so fine and good a man could never quite deceive. I wish that you would make a story of it, dear."

The words occurred again to the girl as she hurried, several days later, along the bleak stretch of wind-swept road, and caused her to laugh a little for sheer scorn of her small art. A story of it! Why, who would dare to touch the flawless Hugh?—Sir Hugh, as she named him in her heart—and spoil his tale with the bungling of mere words? She laughed again as she turned down the familiar path toward the greenhouse door beyond.

She found the man today, bending low over a box of discarded castaways, the floral rubbish from the house above. The marguerites were untouched with stain, and to the girl unaccustomed to prodigality the carnations looked sweet and fresh, but Hugh passed by them all regardless, and the girl saw with surprise that he was selecting, one by one, the lily-of-the-valley, sprays all torn and drooping though they were. Quite innocently, Aileen stepped forward, and felt a traitor and ashamed to see the secret of Hugh's heart writ in the pale, drawn face above his task.

Hugh McDonnel would never have unbent to any one, surely last of all to that person who might consciously strive to gain his confidence, but as he turned and saw the outpouring of his heart's secret reflected in the tender eyes of the girl before him, his confidence rose up to meet her sympathy. "Miss Aileen," he said, simply, unembarrassed, and at ease, "they were her flowers, my dear."

Her flowers! Oh, far-seeing, little Mistress Invalid! The girl's brain swam, revolting at the bitterness, yet even now her heart rejoiced in his full confidence.

For Hugh, the gardener, the man of work, the underling and servant, told the strange story of his lowering to the girl beside him. And as he talked the great Scotch house seemed even now before her, the fields and woods, the hills and running streams, the brother love betrayed.

"You see," said Hugh, "they thought I took the sum. Ah, well, I thought that she loved Jeff—a fine, bright lad he was—I thought that she loved Jeff and so I took the blame."

Then there were quick footsteps from without, and suddenly Hugh stood, keen erect, once more the clever player, enacting his part. "You will forget," he said. "My sorrow must not trouble you—promise, you will forget."

The girl looked up into the anxious face of the man above her, and through her tears, she smiled. "I will forget."

"I will forget." A promise is easy to give, but as day followed day, the story took more vital hold of the girl's deep sympathy, and time, instead of obliterating it, seared it deep, making it a sorrow of her own. The man's fine honor, his wondrous sacrifice, were before her in her walks, her duties, her pleasures and her play.

Most keenly did she feel his injury that night of the great reception at the Coverly home. She had been asked early, as an honored friend to help receive, but, somehow, through the music and laughter one thought held sway—the injustice of the powers and the desire to right this wrong. Perhaps it was the banks of lilies that suggested Hugh so persistently, or it might have been the little Scotch woman, the guest of a neighbor, who brought back the hurt, an unconscious reminder of the country of his birth. A slender, fragile little soul she was, this Jean McVey, and Aileen wondered, as she bent above the bowl of fragrant blooms, at the sorrow in her eyes.

And the girl marveled still more at the start the woman gave and the fearful pallor of her face when she questioned her about her love of these same flowers. She trembled and then she said:

"I am not well—forgive my stupidness, dear girl—a little air would help."

Aileen sought their cloaks, and by some inspiration, divining her love for flowers, she led the little woman along the box-hedged walk to where the conservatory windows gleamed brightly in the moonlight.

There was some one in the outer room and as she knocked, Hugh opened wide the door.

Then, in a flash, the girl perceived th ending of her tale, for the man's face was as flame, and the woman trembled toward him.

"Hugh, Hugh," she cried. "All through the world I have sought. Jeff told that it was he—and always from the first, I have loved you!"

The girl's eyes were blinded as Hugh caught his old love in his arms, and as she hurried back through the darkness, there seemed a frail, faint fragrance of lilies following her.

HOW A BELL IS TUNED

The Notes Must Blend in Order to Produce Perfect Harmony.

"What a beautiful tone that bell has!" is often heard. There are few, however, who know how a bell receives its joyful or solemn tones.

All bells after they are cast and finished must go through a process of tuning the same as any other musical instrument before they respond with a clear, true tone. Every bell sounds five notes, which must blend together in order to produce perfect harmony.

The tuning of a bell is done by means of shaving thin bits from various parts of the metal. It is as easy for an expert bell tuner to put a bell in tune as it is for a piano tuner to adjust his instrument to perfect chords.

At first thought it would seem that a bell would be ruined should the tuner shave off too much at the last tuning, or the fifth sound, but such is not the case. He would, however, be obliged to begin over, starting again with the first tone and shaving the bell until it gave forth its harmonious sound at the fifth tone.—Scientific American.

The Waiter Knew.

Nat Wills, though by no means so much a tramp off the stage as on, frequently makes a stab for material for his stunts in restaurants. On the road one day he tried to measure the intelligence of a waiter at a "bef-and-ery."

"Let me have a plate of intoxicated beef," he said.

It took the waiter just three-quarters of a minute to tumble, then he yelled into the kitchen:

"Plate of beef stew!"—New York Telegraph.

On Nagging.

My son taught me a lesson on the subject of "nagging" when he was but four years old and one that I have never forgotten. He had been guilty of a small misdemeanor and had tried to wriggle out of it by not telling the exact truth. I gave him a mild spanking and, as has always been my custom, talked the matter over afterward. I began by saying, "Now, Robert, if you had told me the truth I should not have punished you."

He stood before me, scraping one foot along the carpet, and he looked up at me and said, "What would you have done?" And I answered, "I should have only talked to you." "Well," he drawled, "how long would you have talked?"

He is a big boy in high school now, but when times arise requiring a reprimand and I get started I still hear that little voice, "How long would you have talked?" and I go right to the point and say what I have to say on the subject; but, in the boy's own language, I "cut it short" and never refer to it again unless it is absolutely necessary.—Harper's Bazar.

Killing a Bull Without a Weapon.

Cayetano, a famous Spanish toreador, once was strolling across a meadow with a couple of friends when his attention was attracted by an old and infuriated bull which was galloping toward them with lowered head and erect tail. Cayetano had no weapon, not even a cane, but he seized a dust coat which one of his friends was carrying over his arm. As soon as the bull got close to them Cayetano bade his companions make their escape while he engaged the animal's attention. Using the coat as a capa, he drove the bull crazy with fury, stepping aside with the deftest agility at each of the animal's charges. In this manner he caused the bull to turn sharply in the midst of its onward rushes until finally an ominous crack was heard, and the bull fell in a heap, with its backbone broken by the sudden wrench given by the animal's abrupt swerve.

A Lincoln Anecdote.

Jaspar Alban Conant tells the following anecdote of Lincoln in the Metropolitan Magazine:

"One of the comical characters in Washington during the war was jolly old Isaac Newton, the Philadelphia Quaker whom Lincoln appointed commissioner of agriculture—a new office just created by congress. Newton, who tried and at the same time amused the president, had made his reputation on a dairy farm. Beyond this he knew little of agriculture.

"Hearing which, I could not refrain from asking Lincoln why he had appointed such an ignorant man to the office.

"'Because I think he's competent enough to attend to all the agriculture we will have till the war is ended,' was the answer."

The Long Silence.

"Yes, we are pretty comfortably fixed here," admitted a veteran employee in the reading room of the Congressional library when a visitor envied him his soft berth and comfortable surroundings. "But there's one thing we long for—yes, thirst for with a burning thirst. That's noise—a real, nerve racking, ear splitting noise. The long hours of soft silence, the dead stillness of everything about, grows so oppressive that at times we could shriek out. We get into a sort of sick-room tiptoe and a low tone of voice that finally degenerates into a whisper even at the telephone. Give us an occasional battery of artillery or a roaring lion or a steam calliope. Even a squalling baby would help some."—Washington Star.

Just a Blunder.

Sir Uptree Mouiless (who has got old Coldkash in a corner at the club)—Mr. Coldkash, your daughter is the idol of my life, the one hope and aim of my existence. Might I dare hope that some day I may be permitted to call her wife?

Mr. Coldkash (astounded)—But, my dear sir, I have no daughter.

Sir Uptree M.—Oh, pardon me! Somebody told me that you had. Let's have a drink.—London Scraps.

The Decoy.

"I notice," said the man to the parson, "that, although I am in the front pew, there is always a five dollar bill on the collection plate when it comes to me. Is that the contribution of the man who takes up the collection?"

"Not at all," replied the parson, who believed in business methods. "That's our decoy."—Detroit Free Press.

She Thought Right.

Mrs. Young—I want to get a divorce from my husband. Lawyer—Well, what are your charges? Mrs. Young—My charges? Mercy! I thought I'd have to pay you.—Boston Transcript.

A Duke's Maxim.

It was a maxim of the first Duke of Portland, who was a great lover of race horses, that there were only two places where all men are equal—on the turf and under the turf.

Sir Walter's Knock.

"Ruff on the cloak," remarked Sir Walter Raleigh as he spread down his velvet garment before Queen Elizabeth. He could not resist giving her this little wrap.

Just the Contrary.

"I suppose you're one of those idiots that touch wet paint to see if it's dry."

"No, I'm not. I touch it to see if it's wet."—London Punch.

A straight line is shortest in morals as well as in geometry.—Rahel.

An Innocent Accomplice.

A smuggling story in which a woman fooled her unsuspecting husband is told in the Century. The husband was a retired general, a martinet in discipline and overscrupulous regarding even the shadow of laxity in the performance of his own obligations. "No smuggling was to be permitted," he told his wife, and before leaving Paris he insisted on making a full list of every dutiable article in his possession. Unknown to him she bought several yards of venetian lace. How to hide it was a problem until she thought of ripping the lining of his overcoat and hiding the lace inside. She regarded her cunning as a tremendous joke, and to this day he does not know how she laughed to herself when, wearing that very same coat on the dock, he drew himself up to his full military height and, with free conscience, pointed to a tray containing "all his purchases." No idea of anything so serious as defrauding the government had ever entered her frolicsome mind.

He Needed a Prodding.

His arm was round her waist, her hand was on his shoulder, and they were walking through the fields as they had been wont to do for nine long years.

"Em," said he, "we've been coortin' a tidy time now."

"Nine year come nex' August bank holiday, George."

"I told you, fust start off, as how I shouldn't be in no hurry to git married, Em."

"You didn't tell no lie about it, neither, George," she declared, with a sigh.

"You're a-talkin' as if you was sorry that I'm a man o' my word, Em," he said reprovingly.

"Well, George," she replied, "now you mention it I have bin thinkin' this last year or two that if you could see your way to go back on your word just this once it wouldn't be amiss."—London Mail.

The House Was Shaky.

When John Quincy Adams was eighty years of age he met in the streets of Boston an old friend, who shook his trembling hand and said, "Good morning, and how is John Quincy Adams today?"

"Thank you," was the ex-president's answer. "John Quincy Adams himself is well, sir; quite well, I thank you. But the house in which he lives at present is becoming dilapidated. It is tottering upon its foundation. Time and the seasons have nearly destroyed it. Its roof is pretty well worn out. Its walls are much shattered, and it trembles with every wind. The old tenement is becoming almost uninhabitable, and I think John Quincy Adams will have to move out of it soon. But he himself is quite well, sir; quite well."

With that the venerable sixth president of the United States moved on with the aid of his staff.

Had All His Nerve With Him.

In a downtown stand up lunch place, where the chief source of the waiters' revenue is in the form of tips and where the patrons are supposed to step lively so that those who wait may be accommodated, a man has been coming of late who brings a newspaper with him and reads it leisurely, sometimes for half an hour, while he takes his modest luncheon. The waiter at whose station he planted himself one day recently was prepared for the emergency, and when the man had finished reading his paper the servant handed him two others with the remark: "Maybe you'd like to see these?" The other waiters, knowing of the plot, looked to see the man wilt, but were disappointed. He took the papers with thanks, continued reading, and finally, when he asked for his check, asked also whether he might keep the papers.—New York Tribune.

One of Falb's Predictions.

In 1874 Professor Rudolf Falb predicted an eruption of Etna on Aug. 27. He offered a Vienna editor to write an account of it if the editor would send him to Sicily. Falb was commissioned. When he reached Etna there was not the slightest sign of disturbance. As the 27th approached Falb was tortured with anxiety and spent sleepless nights watching the volcano. Nothing happened on the 27th and 28th. The following morning the servant rushed into the professor's room shouting, "An eruption, a terrible eruption!" Falb saw the spectacle and sent off his dispatch.

"One" as a Pronoun.

I have never been smitten with the use of the word "one" as a pronoun. It takes a word juggler to attempt it and get away with it. Unless one feels that one has won one's spurs in this respect and can extricate oneself from the mess one gets oneself and one's readers into one should avoid the use of the word one in referring to oneself as one would a plague.—London Idler.

Swift.

Teacher—Children, nature is superior to man in everything. For instance, there is nothing that travels so fast as the unseen wind. Willie—Huh! You ought to hear what my pa says about a sight draft!—Puck.

His Part.

"Who is the responsible person in this firm?" asked the brusque caller of the office boy.

"Can't tell you, sir," replied the pert lad, "but I'm the one who gets all the blame."

Curiosity is looking over other people's affairs and overlooking our own.—Wayland.